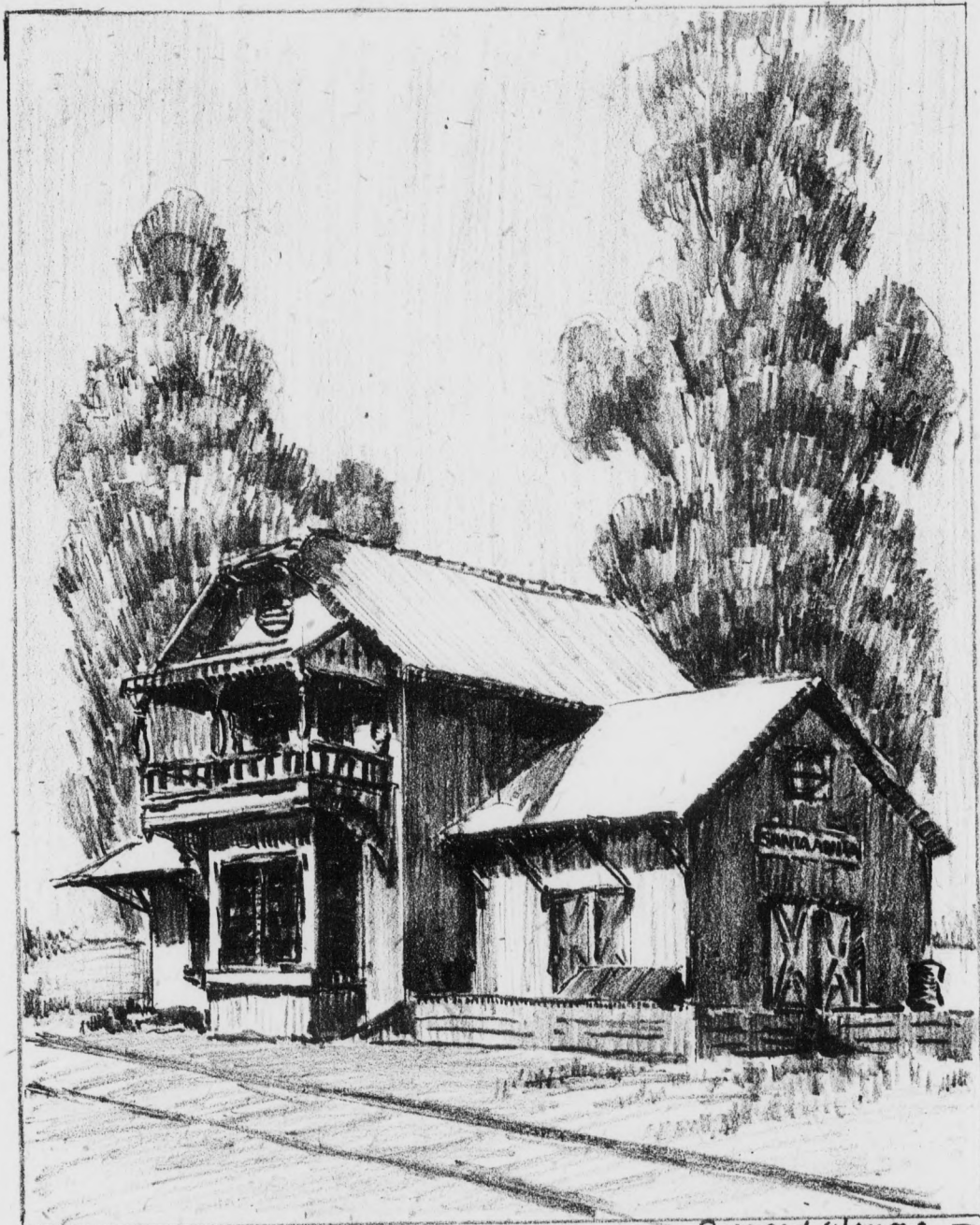


Feb 4 2

# HIGH LIGHTS



*The Old Santa Anita Station*

*— Bernard W. Jones —*

An Old Adobe Publication *SSS*  
SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



HARTMAN'S  
RELIABLE  
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SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK

## HIGH LIGHTS

FEBRUARY 1942

Volume 3    Number 2

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#### COVER DRAWING

The cover drawing is a lithograph depicting the old Santa Anita railroad station, on Huntington Boulevard, and is the work of Bernard Wynne.

All lithographs were drawn by Alfred J. Dewey for the advertising. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at the Burns Printing Company of Pasadena.

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#### EDITORIAL BOARD

Alfred James Dewey	Leslie B. Wynne	Bill Burke
Dorothy Dewey, Secretary	Dottie Burke, Printer	

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HIGH LIGHTS from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.



## TWO POEMS

## MAGIC FOG

The soft white magic of a friendly fog  
has changed my harsh and sordid world today  
into a fairyland of lovely monochromes.  
Such beauty in these drab and dreary streets  
I never dreamed. I view old, common scenes  
transformed by gentle mist whose veil  
is drawn over all that once offended sight --  
the softened outlines of each house and gate  
alone are seen; the details disappear.  
I lift my eyes to proud hilltops. They seem  
to reach the murky sky, now hovering low.

Would that a friendly mist of love might rise  
before my faults and hide them from the view  
of people who envision me. They'd see  
alone in soft relief my soul's best part,  
in lofty purpose ever striving hard  
to reach the heaven-like goal of high ideals.

Owen H. Barnhill

\* \* \* \* \*

## ANONYMOUS

I wish I were a cloistered nun,  
Or monasteried monk,  
With all the thoughts  
I have to think  
Thunk.

I wish the dishes  
All were washed,  
The table always set,  
With all the food  
I have to eat,  
Et.

The foregoing philosophic lines were passed to  
the editors by Albert Marshall, who heard them some  
place. Mr. Marshall will have an exhibit of watercolors  
at the Old Adobe during the month of February.

## CREATURES OF THE DEPTHS

Strange creatures are to be found in the depths, animals that are stranger to us than the figments of dreams. Far beneath the surface of the restless sea, in the utter blackness of eternal night, they find their sustenance in the ancient ooze of the ocean floor and there live out the cycle of their days. Fantastic shapes, submerged, forever submerged from birth unto death, they prowl through sunken valleys inaccessible to us, never to rise into the upper world of color and light. Man never sees them except by rarest chance. They know nothing of man and his ways, nothing of the upper regions of billow and storm. What could they imagine even though they were gifted with human intelligence, what could they possibly surmise of the beauty of the sunset or the dawn? What could they guess of the existence of the stars or the flaming sun? Yet, with intelligence, they might know that some kind of an upper world, utterly strange to them, surely exists. Frequently, man-made objects descend to their depths; the broken hulls of ships, even the bones of men, from time to time, come down to them. These mysterious objects, endlessly appearing, are the visible signs to them of the reality of another world of which they know nothing at all.

We, too, are creatures that live out our lives in the depths, creatures that must seem very strange to those exalted beings, if such there are, who people the heights. We may be living at the top of the material universe, but we are surely at the very bottom of all spiritual things. Do you need more proofs than the world affords to convince you of that? On the contrary, most of us are badly in need of tangible proofs to convince us that there is any spiritual world at all, so little do we know of it. But the spiritual world is an intangible world; there are no tangible proofs. Yet, to the observant, there are many abstract signs that are endlessly coming down to us whose cumulative effects upon the reason are such as to weaken our early opinions and at last to remove our doubts. It is only the very young man who says in his heart, "There is no immortality of the soul." As he approaches middle-life, he is no longer so certain; and as he reaches the fullness of his years and wisdom, he is gradually convinced of the reverse. He who has not yet arrived at this conviction is still in his green youth, though he walks through the hush and the twilight of withering age.

L.B.W.

## GUILD MEETINGS

Bill Burke

The technique of glass blowing, in all its fascinating aspects, was explained and demonstrated for guild members at the postponed January meeting, held on January 7.

Robert Logan, young technician who is living in the Vernon J. Morse home, on Skyland Drive, in Sierra Madre, presented a full and interesting illustration of how a container of oxygen and simple city gas can transform plain glass into beautiful and unusual objects.

Before showing some of the objects which can be made, Logan discussed the properties of glass. During his demonstration he used both "soda" glass, and pyrex, which has a greater hardness, and is more difficult to work with.

The audience was particularly helpful and asked many pertinent questions. As a result of these questions, the speaker explained how Venetian glass acquires variety of color: as the blower begins to work he dips a "ball" of molten glass from the pot, he dips into successive pots of different colors, during which the glass acquires layers of different colors. Ultimately, after the glass has been worked into its final shape, the desired color or colors are secured by grinding through to the proper combination.

Mexican glass contains bubbles because it is blown from "metal", the name given glass in its molten state and is not completely pure.

Glass, Logan said, does not have an arbitrary melting point. In working with it, technicians use a point at which it begins to soften and "flow."

Various points in the explanation were demonstrated by Logan, who cut tubes in half and joined them together again, bent them in the middle, or blew bubbles which were so fragile that after they had exploded, to the surprise and entertainment of the audience, the remaining envelope of blown glass was like the finest of cellophane.

As a high mark of his demonstration, Logan made a glass dog, dachshund variety. He and his wife Doris, showed some of the finer objects he has blown in his spare hours. Among these were several exquisite cocktail glasses, in which the stems consisted of finely wrought, minute, feminine figures. Some of these took ten or more hours, per figure, to fashion.



Logan, originally, was primarily interested in chemistry, and studied at California Institute of Technology. Although his work has deviated since his college days, his interest in chemistry is still great, and he divides his spare hours between intricate glass blowing and chemical work.

During his Cal. Tech. days, Logan attended a class which taught laboratory students how to make up some of the more simple equipment they would need. This training stood him in good stead several years later, when he had to find work during the depression. At that time he went to work in a neon sign-making firm, bending tubing. He still does much of this kind of work, but also works for the concern headed by Herbert Hoover, Jr. making delicate laboratory equipment. During the meeting he showed a "diffusion tube," used in creating a vacuum in x-ray and radio tubes.

Among the large Guild audience was Charles Owens, nationally known newspaper artist, whose work is one of the outstanding features appearing in the Los Angeles Times. Mr. Owens was the guest of Miss Nadine Mason, Times feature writer, and was accompanied by Mrs. Owens.

The evening's program was rounded out by several vocal selections by Miss Bette Kelly, talented young Sierra Madre girl.

\* \* \* \* \*

The February meeting, Friday, February 6, will differ from other recent meetings in that it will consist of a reception opening an exhibition of watercolors by Albert Marshall, graduate of John Hopkins University.

Mr. Marshall probably knows more about the High Sierras than any other artist, and has produced many lovely pictures of that country. In the field of desert scenes, he is particularly adept in the deliniation of smoke trees.

He will be at the studio to explain his methods of painting; also, to discuss outstanding features of the High Sierras.

DO NOT MISS THIS UNUSUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLORS.

## LET'S MAKE IT GLORIOUS

Lee Shippey

Something wonderful and glorious has happened in America. A few weeks ago we were a quarrelsome family: isolationist and interventionist sneered at one another's reasoning and suspected one another's motives. Business and labor were working the situation for all the traffic would bear. A lot of Americans actually hoped the war in Europe would drag on for a long time, so as to insure them big profits and big wages. More than half of us believed we were absolutely safe from attack on this continent. If the Nazis couldn't cross the British Channel to conquer England, how could any enemy hope to cross the broad Atlantic and the twice-as-broad Pacific?

Then came Pearl Harbor, much farther from Japan than New York is from the western shores of Europe. In one day, nearly 3000 of our soldiers and sailors were killed in Pearl Harbor -- and in the month just before, only 89 persons, mostly civilians, had been killed in Great Britain. Submarines were within two miles of Santa Barbara, in sight of Ventura. Los Angeles tankers were sunk within sight of our shores. That was biting the hand that had fed them for two years, but the ingrate Japs didn't mind that. In the Philippines we learned that white men could be defeated by yellow men, that in war the "superior race" was the one that had superior numbers and armaments.

That was the electric shock which fused us into one people again. Those who previously had refused to see the danger to our way of life if we allowed all Europe and all Asia to be conquered by enemies of our way of life, suddenly saw it then. They saw that we could no longer maintain our national dignity if we did not fight for what we believe in.

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We are better prepared for this war than we ever were for any other war. The lend-lease program had served not only to keep war from our doors for a long time, but to get our production into something like high gear. To any other country in the world it would be more than high gear, the possible exception being Russia. Russia has astonished the world by showing that it could lose all of what was supposed to be its chief industrial area and its most populous area, and still have plenty



of men and munitions to whip what we had all believed to be the most powerful army ever assembled. But this is not a piece about Russia, but about us. For the first time, we entered a war with a large and good army, six times as big as it was in 1938; with the world's most powerful navy; with machinery set up for doubling both; with industry turning out more planes, tanks, and ships than any other country was getting. If it hadn't been for our moral support and the lend-lease, Britain, Russia, and China might all have caved in. As it was, the country which hadn't been able to conquer China in four and a half years -- even with all the oil and scrap iron we steadily shipped them from Long Beach for two years -- finds itself facing a mighty and fresh opponent. The country which expected to conquer England in August of 1940, and to capture Moscow in six weeks after June 22, 1941, and has just learned that it was being thoroughly whipped on the Moscow front, finds itself at war with the country which came in to crush its heart out in a similar situation 25 years ago. And every other country which fears the tyranny of those two bandit nations -- which means every other country, even Italy -- takes heart again.

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I do not believe the war will last as long as the prophets say. Once Germany and Japan see that they cannot win -- which will be very soon -- they will go to pieces as Germany went to pieces before. When World War Number One ended, Germany was holding five provinces of France and most of Belgium, and the war had never touched its soil; yet it sued for peace. If we go in with all our force, not stopping for hell or high water, that will happen again. If we wish to see the end of this war, the thing to do is to go in smashing, not hesitantly; carry the fight into the enemy's corner instead of giving him a chance to recuperate. And when we have won it, let us not lose the peace as we did before. Let us not wash our hands of the world as we did before, to let it get into such a mess again. Let us take the world leadership which fate has thrust upon us and join with other decent nations in a Vigilance Committee so strong that no nation or set of nations will dare to oppose it, and so just that it will establish an international court; and let every nation, weak or strong, come before it as every citizen of this country, rich or poor, can come before our courts. Then we can have justice without war, instead of injustice punctuated by the destruction of our young manhood every twenty-five years.

## SUPPLY AND DEMAND, 1942

Leslie B. Wynne

The inscrutable street vendor of the ages, burdened under his pack, turns hopefully through the German countryside into the villages of the porcelain chimneys, bannered now with swastika flags. Loudly, raucously, he bawls the list of his goods through the hollow squares, down the side streets, down the cobble-stoned alleys; and his words come back to him, increasing in number, diminishing in volume, echoing and re-echoing from the walls, from the gables, from the distant roofs and spires: "What do you lack, good people? Come forth and buy."

And the plain German citizens, aroused from the monotony of their existence, eager for the stimulus of any novelty however trivial, pour out of all the narrow doors like mullets spewing through the innumerable gaps of a badly mended net, as they shout aloud to him: "What is it that you have to sell, little father?"

"Many things! But come and see. Here are all kinds of choice foodstuffs."

"No, we don't need any food today. Food is very plentiful. Nobody goes hungry here. We still have our cabbage and our beer. And just see ... already for the mere taking, we are getting bread and potatoes from Poland, cheese from Holland, butter and milk from Denmark, mutton from Greece, fruit from Italy, and wines from France; and very soon now we expect to be dining upon English beef and Russian caviar. How generous all those fine countries are!"

"Some new clothes, then?"

"Not at all. Nobody shivers with the cold any more. We still have our German homespun, such as it is. And the markets are glutted with woolens from Yugoslavia, shoes from Czechoslovakia, and blankets from Norway."

"Could it be, then, that I could interest you in a few books, food and clothes for the mind? I carry a full line of everything."

"No, we want no books. We have just burned all our books and some of our paintings, as well."

"Ah! Wait! I have it ... a new automobile, a new motorcycle? Yes?"

"No; the army has plenty of those things. As for us, we can still walk. Besides, we do not need to go anywhere. Isn't everybody coming our way?"

"Well, then, how about a little land? A nice house and lot, maybe? I also dabble in real estate, off and on."

"What is this that you are saying, little fellow? Are you here to shoulder us with more taxes, or what? We will buy no houses. Hasn't Der Fuehrer already promised us the earth?"

"Very well. What shall it be, then? Is it fine furniture, phonographs, or radios that you will have?"

"Are you still harping upon the same tune, old man? You will certainly bring us to ruin if you can. Radios, he says! Show us something that we can use, or you had best be on your way."

"Truly, my friends, you are hard to please. But take no offense. How fortunate you are that your needs are so few! Is there nothing at all that you want?"

"Yes; there are a number of things that we want very badly. We want decency and honesty; we want the respect of all the world. Do you have these things for sale?"

"I am very sorry, my friends; but my credit has never been great enough to allow me to deal in such commodities."

And the street vendor of the cosmos, inscrutable as ever, still burdened with his pack, turns hopelessly down a by-street into the shadows, into the dusk already fallen where the night is so soon to fall. Clearly, rhythmically, his footsteps, striding in retreat, strike on the ringing stones; and to the crowds still loitering in the open squares, to the listeners thronging the balconies and the roof tops, those sounds come back, increasing in volume, quickening in tempo, strangely altering to the qualities and the timbres of the human voice. Out of the shadows, out of the darkness they rise feebly, plaintively, the cries of starving children; imploringly, the shrieks of butchered men; maddeningly,



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the full-throated roar of outraged humanity in accusation and in condemnation, reverberating, resounding in thunder over earth-shaking thunder from the Arctic to the Tyrrhenian and to the Caspian Seas.

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HORACE

the guild mouse

there is lots of good in poets but not much food and that is how i feel these days. the guild is now a field kitchen and that part must be in a field bekus food is what a kitchen is for and there is no food here and they only ask for dishes. why not ask first for food and then for dishes i want to know.

i am lonely too since mrs mouse has had to move over to the lumber company across the street to get enough to eat. i have had nothing but sum cracker-jack that a pair of bluchers dropped on the floor last week and it is all gone now. o for a piece of cheze i keep saying to myself and i writ a poem about it.

the sun is shining somewhere  
but i just sit and think  
for i don't really care  
as i crouch under the sink  
let hitler and mussilini  
starve and get fleas  
o for a piece of cheze  
o for a piece of cheze.

but enough of gloom i and the other poets are not the only starvers and many eaters have indigestions these days so lets go all out for our country and buy bonds.

the horace mouses are doing their part. twelve little mousling blessings came to join us in the lumber yard and are to be mailed to tokio to join the marines so the japs had better look out.

o tempora, o mores, o

horace.

HIS NAME IS JIM OBER

(A Chapter from "My Mountain Meadow")

Billie M. Denny

As we drew up in front of the general store we found but one vehicle there, and that one not hitched. On the seat sat a man and a big black dog.

Everybody knows everybody around here by their conveyance, their horse or their dog, but this outfit was new to the neighborhood.

As I mounted the second step to the porch of the store it brought my eyes upon a level with two pairs of eyes, each with such entreaty in them as is not often seen. The man had his arm thrown across the dog's shoulders in a gesture of deep affection, while the dog looked straight ahead. My glance and the man's met and held. With an inflection in his voice that amounted to a plea, he said, "Stranger, do you want a dog?" At the question I saw the body of the dog stiffen, lean a bit closer to him, then up into his face. He gave a low cry. I walked back to the wagon, saying, "Yes, yes, I would like to have him if you think he would want me."

Something in the attitude of the man forbade me asking why they must part. The dog turned his head slowly, scrutinized me closely, then turned back to his master who took the dog's head between his two hands and in a low, but firm voice said, "It's all right, old fellow. I know you understand why I have to let you go. She looks all right. You are going to like her. Now, get down and go along, but listen, boy," and with a catch in his voice, "don't attempt to follow me or find me again. I could not go through with another parting."

The dog then turned, put his paws upon the man's lap, and laid his head on the man's hands. They looked at each other long. The dog turned away, got down off the wagon, and walked over to me. Without a backward glance we went up the steps.

I heard the man "click" to his horses and call, "His name is Jim Ober."

## CAMERA CLUB NOTES

Harry Arnold

Since it has been difficult for many of our members to come out for the Friday night meetings at the Old Adobe, several have been attending the meetings of the Pasadena "Y" Club which meets on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month at the Pasadena Y.M.C.A., at 7:45 p.m.

It was suggested that the clubs meet together on these Monday evenings at the Pasadena "Y" during the emergency, so that all would be able to enjoy better speakers and more competitions. George Hurrell, famous "glamour" photographer, will be the guest at one of the meetings soon, and will present the "Y" Club with the Camera Craft cup for scoring the largest number of points in their monthly competitions.

The sixth Allied Pictorialist Salon comes up in May, and it is suggested that members start making print material to be submitted. We had a good showing last year. It is to be hoped that we can do as well or better this year. The next general meeting will be announced soon with the probable speaker Mr. Fred Archer on the subject of "miniature set-ups."

A questionnaire is being sent out to the listed members of the club. It is requested that the return card be filled out and returned promptly.

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## TRUE AMBASSADORS

Jessie B. Pierce

I dip my pen in deep-hued, acrid ink,  
Then hold it poised, for I must rightly think,  
Before I leave cold words upon a page  
To speak for me, a paper-lasting age.





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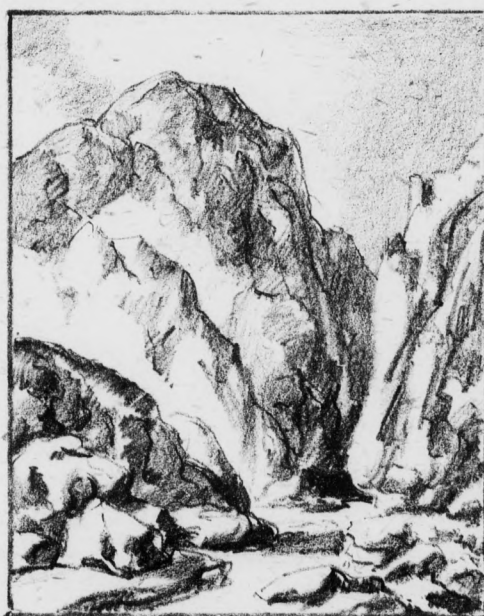
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